MORE QUEER PEOPLE,

WHO INVENT PLANS FOR OBTAINING SYMPATHY AND MONEY.

The Deaf and Dumb Frauds Who Have Ears, but Refuse to Hear—The Woman With the Dead Son Who is Never Buried—The Man Who Drops His Bread.

[Special Correspondence.]

NEW YORK, March 29.—One of the queer characters to be seen in an immense down town restaurant, in this city, is an unfrocked priest—in Protestant parlance, a "silenced" preacher. He is still comparatively young, and is refined and intellectual-looking, and still wears the costume of the Romish church, but is "unfrocked" forevermore; that is, authority to preach has been taken from him. He comes and goes as silently as a shadow, speaking to no one and looking at no one. What he does or where he lives, nobody at the restaurant has ever learned, but every day for five years, at exactly 1 o'clock, he is in his place at table. He never varies his dishes. His noonday repast consists of chicken soup every day of the

week save Friday. On Friday he takes mashed potatoes. He looks like one who is tired of all things and all men, and yet is among them and of them, and can't get away from them or from himself. If I were to prophesy his future I would say that he will be found dead in some poverty-stricken room some day, with all trace of his history obliterated. He is, perhaps, a man who has come to the great city to lose himself from the sight of the people who knew him and his disgrace, and yet cannot disassociate himself from his profession and his past entirely.

Deaf and dumb frauds are plentiful here. One of them chuckled when relating his experiences as a mute, and said it was a queer fact that a man who could neither hear nor speak could get work when one who had perfect command of all his senses couldn't. The deaf and dumb fraud goes into offices and hands around a card telling all about himself. He gets along famously till he comes in contact with some one who knows the mute's alphabet. Then he beats a precipitate retreat, for reading and talking by fingers is not one of his accomplishments. Sometimes he is brought up in the police court, where his tongue is generally loosened. On the street he expresses his wishes and woes by appealing gestures. He becomes an expert in controlling the facial muscles. He can hear all kinds of speculations about himself without so much as betraying it by the

quiver of an eyelid. There is a fascination in his rôle for him. He likes to see himself advancing in the art of acting, takes a pride in his profession, as it were. In his heart he has a perfect contempt for the people who believe in him; thinks *he* wouldn't be such a gull himself. Nor would he. He has been behind the scenes in the beggar's drama; knows the business and couldn't be taken in.

He is the same man who carries a piece of dirty bread in his pocket and slyly drops it in the vicinity of sympathizing women, that he may openly pick it up and ravenously eat it in their presence. Of course they are overcome at such a spectacle, and the quarters come forth from their retreats nimbly and drop into his shaking hand. The ladies beg of him to throw away the gutter-stained bread and buy himself something appetizing and clean. He thanks them with quivering lip, but refuses to throw the bread away. Why should he when it is his capital? No; he drops the bread into his coat pocket with a sad smile, which his sympathizing benefactors translate as meaning that he may be compelled to make use of it in the future. So he will, but it will not be eaten. They go home and talk about this poor man pityingly all the evening. Meantime the "poor man" brushes up and hies him to some festive haunt, where he revels and riots on the proceeds of his sympathy-evoking talents, and plans for some more sympathetic stock. The same piece of bread lasts him all summer. The more it is handled and the oftener it is dropped the better suited to his purpose does it become, insomuch as the quicker does it raise the tear of sympathy. When alone he nearly expires with mirth at the very thought of eating it; and wonders how any creature could be so "mortal rum" as to think that he meant to eat it.

The woman whose son has just died, is another frequent figure in police court circles. She haunts undertakers' houses when the proprietors are away. Her story is that the authorities will bury the boy at 2 o'clock that day if she can't raise the money to bury him herself. Her head and face are bandaged, because she is crazed with neuralgia, having had no rest for six consecutive weeks on account of her son's long illness. Her clothes are neat and clean, though threadbare, her language correct and her manners refined. She is the typical hardworking, independent widow who is determined to earn her own bread at all hazards.

Everybody believes the story of the dead boy, locked in the comfortless tenement rooms, while the heartbroken mother goes from house to house in search of friends to help her bury him. Everybody she appeals to gives her a dollar and sends her to somebody else. She sets the time for the funeral an hour later at every house she visits, and, finally, she postpones it till the next day. She

ties her face up that she may not be recognized when not on collecting duty. She, too, gets booked for the Island occasionally. When she emerges therefrom she takes a new character, and goes forth to collect on some other plea.

Once engaged in a profession of this kind no honest business allures these tricksters. They are born swindlers, and could neither live nor die happy if they didn't practice some fraudulent pursuit. They would rather wear rags and go hungry and get every cent dishonestly than to be comfortably housed and clad by honest means. They grow enamored of their profession, exactly as any reputable person does, and glory in advancing themselves therein. All admit, when brought to bay and compelled to talk, that there is a charm in fooling people wholly unknown to the plodding workers. It is nothing that they are all brought to grief, sooner or later. The risk they run enhances their enjoyment. If the doctrine of predestination has a grain of truth in it they ought to be held up as the best exponents of it. It is easy to believe that they were born to be damned, since no earthly influence can turn them from their vicious ways. GERTRUDE GARRISON.

BARTHOLDI'S STUDIO.

Theodore Stanton Visits the Great French Artist.

[Special Correspondence.]

PARIS, March 14.—I spent an hour the other day with Bartholdi in his spacious and interesting studio. When I entered I found the versatile artist busily occupied with brush and pallet finishing a large oil painting that he had named "Old California." It represents a scene in the gold diggings. "New California," a companion picture, is quite finished and stood on an easel near by. You see in it a vast prairie of yellow, waving wheat and a big farm wagon loaded with the precious grain. It is autumn. The forlorn gold diggers of "Old California" are now white headed and decrepit! They are seated near the pretty cottage that has supplanted the dilapidated hut of the fortune-seeking days. It is their children and grandchildren who are driving the reaper and feeding the thresher.

BARTHOLDI.

"You have no idea how they treat the poor earth in this hunt for gold," said Bartholdi, as he resumed his work. "How they destroy stately trees, turn babbling brooks from their course, and convert green fields into a desert. It is the only unpleasant recollection I have of my otherwise agreeable travels in California."

"How many times have you gone to America?" I asked.

"Thrice," was the reply. "I am just back from my last visit, you know."

"And did you notice any changes?"

"Oh, yes; many."

"Any for the better?"

"Certainly, all. New York has grown immensely since I saw it some ten years ago. 'Up town' was a great surprise to me. Where there used to be vacant lots and unfrequented streets, are now fine mansions and hurrying crowds. But it was the magnificent Brooklyn bridge that made the profoundest impression on me. I had heard of the mighty structure, but I had not imagined that it was so grand a specimen of American mechanical genius. And the elevated railroads were also new to me. How elegant and comfortable they are. I know of no more agreeable mode of city locomotion. They may be ugly from the street and they may be a nuisance to the unfortunate people who live on either side of the lines, but to the traveler they are simply perfection. I visited Grant's tomb and enjoyed the beautiful natural scenery of the neighborhood. I, of course, went to Bedloe's Island. The pedestal is well made and Gen. Stone deserves my hearty thanks for the way he has conducted the work. I suppose about $15,000 more will be necessary to complete the pedestal, and if this is done in time the statue will be inaugurated next September, on the anniversary of the Treaty of Versailles. I shall be present at the ceremony if my mother's health will permit me to be so long absent from home. She is rather feeble now, and at her advanced age—she is 86—I do not feel free to go and come as I used to do.

"From New York I went to Washington. Congress was not in session, and I saw very few public men. The secretary of war was the only member of the cabinet that I met. I called at the White House, but arrived a few minutes after the president's reception hour, and so I just missed shaking hands with Mr. Cleveland.

"Washington has improved immensely since 1876, when I saw it last. I was especially struck by the better pavements. But the Washington monument does not add to the beauty of the capital. It was an eyesore to me all the time I was there. In former times the imposing Capitol used to impress the traveler as he approached the city. But now you see at a distance this tall, ugly shaft, and everything else sinks into insignificance. It kills the city. Imagine such a monument set up in Paris. Why it would utterly destroy all the harmony of our beautiful French capital. Well, it has the same effect in Washington. Yes, it kills the city.

"While in Washington I visited the Corcoran gallery of art. It contains many valuable works, selected with admirable taste, and is an excellent nucleus of a great art collection. America is slowly developing a taste for the fine arts, although she has still much to learn in this direction. The Washington monument discouraged me. But after I had seen Mr. Corcoran's creation I took new hope and saw the art future of America in somewhat brighter colors.

"I have made many good friends in the United States, and I always leave your country with deep regret. When my Liberty is finally erected I shall feel that it is America that will do the most to keep green my memory long after my other creations shall have crumbled away into dust. I have put many years of my life into that work, but I am sure that I will gain thereby the reward that all true artists seek—the kindly remembrance of posterity." THEODORE STANTON.

THEATRICAL MANAGERS.

WHAT THEY ARE LIKE IN AND OUT OF THEIR PROFESSION.

Sketches of Some of the Great New York Managers—Lester Wallack, Augustin Daly, A. M. Palmer, John Stetson, John Duff and Others.

[Special Correspondence.]

NEW YORK, March 29.—There is no class of men who are more talked about and who are less known, who work harder for the public and who receive less credit for their efforts, than theatrical managers. There are a few managers who are familiar to the eye of the public. Lester Wallack, Tony Pastor and possibly one or two more are well known figures on the street. But it is safe to say that not one out of a hundred people who are made to laugh at the refined humor of his plays, who marvel at his excellently trained company, or who admire his tastefully decorated theatre, recognize Mr. Augustin Daly in the spare, thoughtful-looking man who glides through the luxurious foyer like a well-bred undertaker, clad in sombre raiment, and a hat of the style which was worn in bygone ages crowning his rather long hair. Ten people will turn on Broadway to look at Harry Dixey to one who will recognize his handsome manager, Mr. E. E. Rice.

Yet if money is to be raised for some great public enterprise or charity the managers are the first ones applied to, and they never are slow in responding. If a play is put on the boards which proves a great hit the success is ascribed to the genius of the star, the excellence of the company or the worth of the piece. If, on the contrary, it is a failure it is due to the stupidity of the manager. The box office receipts are the salve which reconciles the hard working manager to public neglect and misinterpretation.

In speaking of New York managers, Lester Wallack naturally comes first in one's mind, both on account of seniority and popularity, though, in truth, Mr. Wallack is much better as an actor than as a manager. He has been on the New York boards since 1847, when, at the age of 28—for he was born on Jan. 1, 1819—he made his first appearance as Sir Charles Coldstream. He at once became the popular idol, and though now 67 years old the girls still fall in love with his handsome face and charming manner of playing the young man. He began his managerial career in 1852, in Wallack's old theatre, on Broadway, near Broome street. Nine years later he opened the theatre now the Star, on the corner of Thirteenth street and Broadway, and in 1882 the present house, on the corner of Broadway and Thirtieth street, was completed. Mr. Wallack is still a handsome man; courteous in manner, quick in perception and generous in impulse. He has done much to elevate the tone of the stage from an artistic standpoint, and his theatre is one of the most fashionable in New York. His son, Arthur, now takes much of the burden of management off his father's shoulders, and is an active and popular young man, possessed of much of his father's magnetic charm of manner. Mr. Wallack has collected about him a company of good actors, yet no plays are quite so popular as those in which Mr. Wallack himself appears.

LESTER WALLACK.

Mr. Augustin Daly does not appear on his own stage, but he infuses an equally distinct personality into his theatre by writing his own plays; or, to be more accurate, he writes the most successful ones. Mr. Daly has an amiable weakness in the direction of old English comedies and presents one or more during each season, and while it is generally admitted that no company can produce the old comedies more acceptably, it does not reconcile audiences which are accustomed to Mr. Daly's own delicate humor to the more labored wit of the early English dramatists. Most of Mr. Daly's later work has been "adapted from the German" and bears the same resemblance to the original as a piece of delicate lace does to the spool of thread from which it is made. The material may be German, but the artistic touches, the charming humor, the delicately worked-out situations are Mr. Daly's.

When Mr. Daly first became known as a writer of clever stories for The Sunday Courier along in 1858, or thereabouts, he was called John Augustin Daly by his friends, but the John was dropped when he became a manager about twenty years ago. Mr. Daly is slender, intellectual looking, nervous in manner, quick in judgment and strong in his likes and dislikes. He lacks the magnetism which makes a popular man, yet every one respects him and hundreds who do not know his face are grateful for the delightful plays he has produced, and the perfect company he has formed. Mr. Daly is a martinet in stage matters, and is said to be very severe at rehearsals, though this is but a rumor, for but few outsiders have been allowed to witness a rehearsal in his theatre, and he keeps an immense Saint Bernard dog, Pique by name, at the stage door, who grows fat and lazy from a diet of would-be stage door mashers.

Mr. A. M. Palmer, the present manager of the Madison Square theatre, is a small man with a pale face, gray hair and gray side whiskers. Mr. Palmer is the son of a New England clergyman, and there is a curious mixture of the minister and the man of the world in his manners. He lacks the genial *bonhomie* which characterizes many of our managers, and impresses one as a cold, calculating man of business. For many years he was librarian of the Mercantile library, a post which he resigned to go into partnership with Sheridan Shook, in the management of the Union Square theatre. He took the Madison Square from the Mallory Brothers (one of them a reverend and editor of a religous weekly, by the way) and has made it a pecuniary success.

A. M. PALMER.

He has lately come prominently before the public through an interview, in which he ascribes the very much talked of and very little existing immorality of the stage to the growth of burlesque. Considering the extremely Frenchy tone of many of the plays which have been brought out by Mr. Palmer, this is rather funny. The question seems to be as to which has the most demoralizing influence, a pretty woman, in scant display, who does nothing immodest on the stage, or the presentation of social villainy in a dress suit. The question is still agitating the public mind.

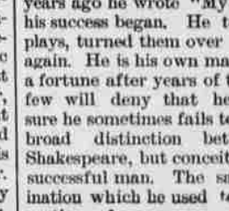
Mr. Edward E. Rice is the champion of burlesque and the most successful manager in that field. Mr. Rice used to be a clerk in a Boston music store. He composes music, manages two or three companies and has put more pretty girls on the stage than any other manager in the country. Mr. Rice is essentially a popular man, genial, ready-witted and generous. He is a charming companion and a valuable friend. He has seen much of the unpleasant side of life, but has been jolly and persevering through it all. When he was in hard luck he was as cheerful in borrowing as he is now in lending. A story characteristic both of Mr. Rice and Mr. Stetson, is told. Rice one day sent a messenger down to Stetson, post haste, to borrow $2,500. "Hand me my check book, quick," exclaimed Stetson as he read the note.

"But," urged his bookkeeper, "you are not in such a hurry to lend to Rice. He has nothing to pay with."

"Hand me that check book," commanded Stetson. "If he comes down here he'll make it $5,000."

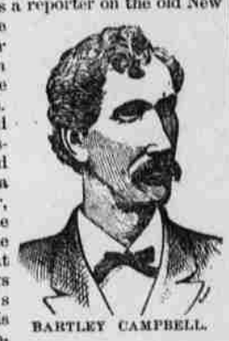
Mr. Rice is assisted in his managerial ventures by his brother Charles, a tall, soldierly looking man, quiet, energetic and capable.

Mr. Rudolph Aronson rejoices in being considered the handsomest as well as the youngest manager in the city. To him and his brother Edward the New York public is grateful for having conceived and erected the most beautiful place of amusement in the city—the Casino. Mr. Aronson is slender, graceful, with a pale, refined face, a handsome dark mustache, and large, soft brown eyes. He is a composer of considerable merit, as well as a clever manager, and much of his dance music is very popular. Mr. Aronson's Casino scheme, with its Moorish arches, its fairy-like roof garden and its entertainment of well sung and magnificently staged comic opera, was long regarded as a chimera by his brother managers, but when the Casino began to materialize its success was assured. James D. Fish, of Marine bank fame, Ferdinand Ward and Gen. Grant were among the stockholders who furnished money for the enterprise. But it is to Mr. Aronson's pluck, energy and refined taste that the Casino is due.



RUDOLPH ARONSON.

One of the most curious compounds in the New York managerial museum is Bartley Campbell. He was a reporter on the old New York Star in those days when a dollar was regarded as a fabulous fortune by a Star man. Then he wheeled bricks in a Pittsburg brick yard and reported on a Pittsburg paper, and all the time he wrote plays. Some people claim that he wrote plays while he was asleep, and it is charitable to suppose that some of his earlier efforts were produced under those conditions. About seven years ago he wrote "My Partner," and then his success began. He took out all his old plays, turned them over and produced them again. He is his own manager, and has made a fortune after years of toil and waiting, and few will deny that he deserves it. To be sure he sometimes fails to draw a sufficiently broad distinction between himself and Shakespeare, but conceit is pardonable in a successful man. The same exuberant imagination which he used to display in his concoction of newspaper reports enters into the composition of his plays.



BARTLEY CAMPBELL.

He has not yet worked in the pig story which made him famous in Pittsburg journalism, but its dramatization is only a question of time. He came into The Pittsburg Dispatch office one morning with a very sensational story of how a pig had devoured a new born infant in a squatter's cabin in Pittsburg's Irishtown. It was published and the next day a delegation from Irishtown, armed with baseball bats, clubs, slung-shots and similar bric-a-brac, visited The Dispatch office to remonstrate with the editor. Campbell was sent to verify his story. After some time he returned breathless, but triumphant, waving about a ream of closely-written "copy." "It's all right," he exclaimed, "only it was twins."

Campbell is a tall, loose-jointed man with a hesitating manner and clothes which never by any chance fit him. He is generous in his own peculiar way and no appeal from one who has known him in the days of his adversity goes unheeded.

A large man, with a queer eye, a genial manner and a big heart is John Stetson, of the Fifth Avenue theatre. He began life as a devil in a printing office and a professional athlete, and has risen to his present position by hard work and good sense. He is a familiar figure in the Brunswick café, where he delights to stand with a congenial crowd and tell stories and gossip until all hours in the morning. It is here that Mr. Stetson gets off some of the brightest *bon mots*, which go the rounds of the clubs the next day as Stetson's latest, and it is here that he occasionally makes the mistakes which have gained him the reputation of being the managerial Mrs. Malaprop. Most of the stories are made up and hung on to Stetson because everybody knows his good nature, but occasionally he makes a comical blunder.

When Joe Brooks, the eminent Hebrew theatrical speculator, was suing Charlie Byrne for libel, Stetson, Ned Gilmore and a lot more were subpœnaed to appear in court at 10 o'clock in the morning. They concluded it would be no use to go to bed if they had to get up so early, and they prepared to sit it out. About 4 o'clock they began to get cross and sleepy, and wish Byrne and Brooks and the suit in various warm places. "John," said one of the party to Stetson, "you are a mutual friend. Why don't you smooth out this matter between Charlie and Brooks?"

"Oh! I've tried, but its no use," said Stetson. "There's too much vermin in both of 'em."

It took the boys some time to find out that he meant venom. But Mr. Stetson is a rich man, a successful man, a shrewd business man, universally popular and respected, and he can afford to laugh at such jokes.

One of the most misunderstood men in New York is John Duff, of the Standard theatre. Heavily built and determined looking, with an expression of solemnity on his face and a deep rooted detestation for dead heads in his heart, it must be admitted that he is not a man that a timid person would care to "brace for passes." Yet, after all, the severity is only a surface indication. If a dead head can really do anything in return for his seats no man is more generous than John Duff; he has an independent man's dislike of being swindled, that is all. When once he makes a friendship it lasts. People often mistake his bluff manner for rudeness, but in reality he is one of the kindest of men. There is no hypocrisy about John Duff; if he don't like a man he says so, and if he does like him his preference is not exhibited by empty compliments. He is an able manager, having been largely instrumental in building up the present prosperity of Daly's. He now stands behind his son, James C. Duff, at the Standard, and advises and suggests much to the profit of the young man, who is a clever, pains-taking, quiet young fellow, with just a touch of his father's manner, which will probably develop as he grows older. ALLAN FORMAN.

PRESIDENT AND SECRETARY.

Manning and Cleveland are built the same way. They look so much alike that they are often taken for each other, and they were known at Albany as the two Dromios. Manning's sickness has called attention to the condition of the president, and to his habits of life. Cleveland works all the time, and takes very little rest. He rises early, dresses, washes, and shaves himself, and then sits down to read the newspapers until breakfast time. Between 8 and 9 he has his breakfast, and he eats moderately. After breakfast he does not exercise at all, but goes immediately to his office, and sits down to work. He looks over his private letters, and answers such of these as can not be intrusted to others. He does not use a stenographer, but pushes the pen himself, turning off sheet after sheet of smooth manuscript as fast as his fat hand can travel over the paper. Before he is through with these his time for public business arrives, and callers begin to come. Many of these are prominent and influential, and the president has to think well how he treats them. Each has a different story to tell, and a different subject to discuss. The president's mind is on a continuous strain, and such a strain as would set wild the ordinary thinker. At 11 o'clock there will be a hundred office-seekers ready to call upon him, and every other morning questions of state policy are to be discussed in the cabinet. At 1 o'clock the president leaves his office and rushes down to lunch. He eats like a Wall street broker, and then after five minutes of shaking hands with the visiting throng in the east room, he rushes back into his office and pounds away until nearly nightfall. Now and then he takes a ride in the afternoon, and he did do this regularly for a time. He has his dinner early, and after it goes back to his office and works away far into the night. He does not go out to receptions or dinners. He spends little time calling upon his democratic friends, and you do not hear of leading statesmen going up to the White House and having a jolly evening with the president, as has been the custom in days past. It would be better for the country if Cleveland were married. His wife would get him away from his work, and there would be less danger of his breaking down.